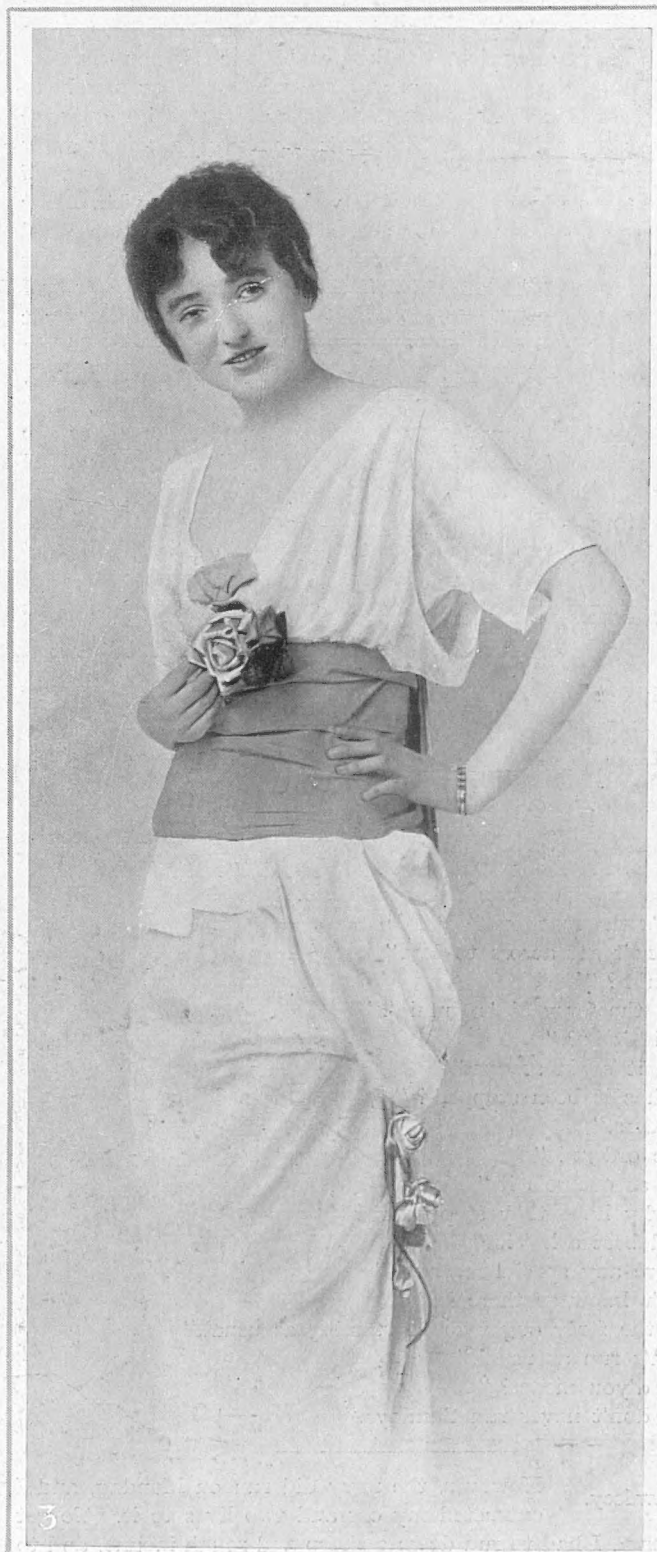


The Sketch

No. 1124 —Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



1. MRS. ERIC KING.

2. THE HON. MRS. EUSTACE MORRISON-BELL.

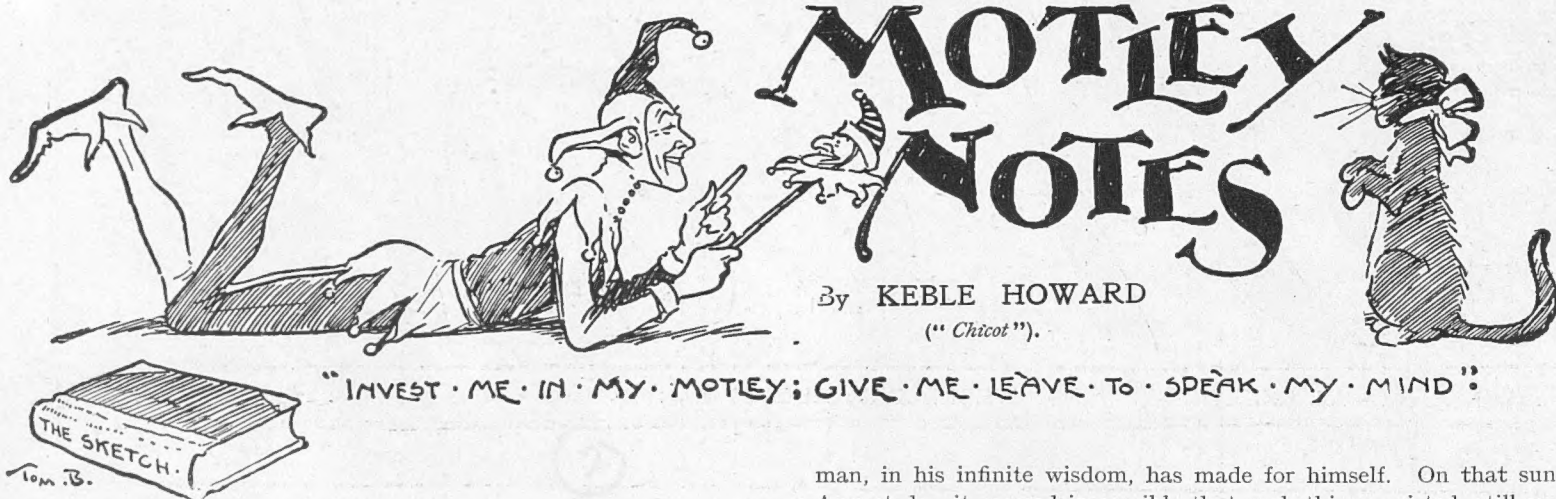
3. MRS. ROBERT BOGER.

THE WAR ADVANCES THE DATES OF MARRIAGES: BRIDES WHOSE WEDDINGS TOOK PLACE EARLIER THAN ANTICIPATED.

So many Navy and Army officers applied for special marriage licences on the outbreak of war that arrangements were made for the Faculty Office, in Knightrider Street, to remain open continuously, day and night, for a few days.—Lieutenant E. W. M. King, R.N., and Miss Violet Baldry were married at Harwich last week, at an earlier date than had been arranged.—The wedding of the Hon. Harriet Trefusis, youngest

daughter of the Dowager Lady Clinton and the late Lord Clinton, with Captain Eustace Morrison-Bell, son of Sir Charles and Lady Morrison-Bell, took place last week a day earlier than was originally arranged, the bridegroom having to rejoin his regiment.—The wedding of Captain Robert Albany Boger, Royal Engineers, and Miss Diane Curtis, took place by special licence last week instead of next October.

Photographs by Swaine and Lallie Charles.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

An Unofficial Reconnaissance.

I have just returned from making an unofficial reconnaissance of the East Coast from Harwich to Southwold. It is not my intention to divulge the results of that reconnaissance, but merely to assure readers of *The Sketch* that their interests are being guarded with the most scrupulous care, and that they may put from their minds all apprehensions of midnight alarms and pictures of helmeted Germans scaling the garden wall. From Harwich, night and day, tugs put out on the approach of any vessel, and that vessel is closely inspected before she is allowed to enter the harbour. (It must be remembered that, owing to the exigencies of printing, I write a week before publication). All night long, too, a searchlight continually sweeps the sea for many miles. I was quite satisfied in my mind about Harwich, and I want you to be just as satisfied, friend the reader.

Felixstowe, where I made my headquarters, is right under the very elbow of Harwich. On Bank Holiday, Felixstowe was filled with a joyous, careless crowd. On the following day, the crowd had shrunk to one-fifth its size. And yet Felixstowe had the pleasant knowledge that some twenty members of the Territorial Force slept on the beach each night, and Felixstowe could—and did—inspect that gallant little band from the edge of the parade for an hour or so before going to bed. Nothing gave me greater comfort than to see the young subaltern in command, his hands clenched behind his back in the correct Napoleonic style, gazing out across the dark North Sea. We felt that little or nothing could elude that gaze.

Precautions at Bawdsey.

On Sunday I motored to Bawdsey, meaning to take the ferry across the river and explore Alderton. But I found my passage barred by an ancient man with a weather-beaten face.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"You can't get across to-day."

"Why not?"

"'Cause the ferry ain't runnin'."

"Why isn't it?"

"'Cause it's bin stopped."

"Why has it been stopped?"

"By orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Them as controls it."

"But why have they stopped it?"

"You'd best ask 'em."

"Is there any special reason?"

"I don't know as there is."

"Then the ferry ought to be running as usual."

"It don't run as usual."

"What d'you mean?"

"Ferry don't never run Sundays."

Past Bawdsey.

However, the ferry did run on Monday, and I entrusted my car and two lives to it. To get on to the ferry, I had to run down a sharp and rough incline, and to get off it I had to run up another sharp and rough incline. These things look terrifying and sound terrifying, but you put your whole trust in the car, and the car, the wonderful modern car of all-British make, pulls you through.

And beyond the ferry at Bawdsey lay some beautiful English country—narrow lanes, fields of standing and cut corn, green hedges, low-lying farms, pretty little villages, old churches of grey stone. It is all very simple, very quiet, very peaceful. Away to the right lay the North Sea, and somewhere in the far distance—far out of sight—lay the terrible engines of death and destruction that

man, in his infinite wisdom, has made for himself. On that sunlit August day it seemed impossible that such things existed, still more impossible that they were so near. The village folk were marrying and giving in marriage; the cottages were bedecked with flags and baskets of flowers in honour of the bride and bridegroom; surely, all the world was at peace on that heaven-sent day!

It was a curious road that we followed—sometimes leading us through streams, and sometimes through fields, when the road became a mere cart-track. And so at last to Dunwich, where there was once, apparently, a castle of some distinction, or perhaps a fort built to guard the country against foes approaching by way of the North Sea.

The Petrol Famine.

It was at Dunwich that the reality of the war—or rather, the war-scare—first came home to me. I stopped before the only inn in the place, and demanded of the head-ostler a tin of petrol. The head-ostler greeted the demand with an ironic laugh.

"Petrol!" cried he. "You'll get no petrol here, Sir. I've only got ten tins in the place, and four cars to keep going. I had a gentleman here this morning wanted to buy fifteen tins. I had to send him away without a single tin. I daren't let you have a tin, not for love or money."

Fortunately, I had enough petrol in the tank to take me as far as Southwold. So we lunched cheerfully, telling ourselves that Dunwich was such an out-of-the-way spot that a shortage of petrol was only to be expected.

But at Southwold the tale was nearly as bad.

"You can have a tin," I was told, "but do you know the price?"

I learnt the price and paid it. I paid it twice over, for the road to Felixstowe was long, and two tins in a famine, even at any price, are better than one. By the time we reached Felixstowe the price had gone still higher, and it occurred to me that if I wished to reach my base on the Surrey hills I had better set out next morning. At a fabulous sum, therefore, I secured the last two tins of petrol in Felixstowe, and poured them into the tank with my own hands.

Then came the money question. I had written to London for money to be wired me, but all the banks were shut on Tuesday.

The Scramble Back to the Base.

Guile next. I had no money, but I had two blank cheques in my cigarette-case. With these flutteringly displayed, I approached the proprietor of the garage and the dispenser of board and lodging. The moments were awful. If they refused, I must remain in Felixstowe until the banks chose to re-open. When that would be, nobody knew.

They accepted. All honour to these brave beings! They accepted cheques from a complete stranger, and I was free to return to my home—the only possible initial step in a time of trouble. Away we went, through Ipswich, through Colchester, through Chelmsford, through Billericay, and so for the ferry at Tilbury. . . . Bang! . . . A tyre had gone, and I must change a wheel. Hot work and dirty work, but soon accomplished, and we were in Gravesend whilst the afternoon was still alive.

Here the petrol question again arose. I had a further forty miles to go, and about two gallons of petrol in the tank. We do twenty miles to the gallon, but the road is hilly, and one may miss the road.

"Petrol? We have half-a-gallon in the whole place, and that we can't spare. You'll get no petrol in Gravesend to-night. We've tried all over the town. Good-night, Sir, and good luck!"

The luck held. With the last usable drop in the tank, I pulled into my own garage an hour and a half later. And that was how we cheated the petrol famine and the money famine, and coaxed another hundred and twenty miles out of five tyres that have long since earned their rest.

UPHOLDING THE SURE SHIELD: BRITAIN'S MIDDY PRINCE.



AN OFFICER OF THE "COLLINGWOOD," OF THE FIRST BATTLE SQUADRON: H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT,
SECOND SON OF THE KING.

Prince Albert, the second son of the King, is a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and was aboard the "Collingwood," of the First Battle Squadron, which sailed from Portland Roads on July 29 as part of the First Fleet. His Royal Highness was born on

Dec. 14, 1895, and was appointed a midshipman in September of last year. In his stirring message to Sir John Jellicoe, the King referred to the Navy as "the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

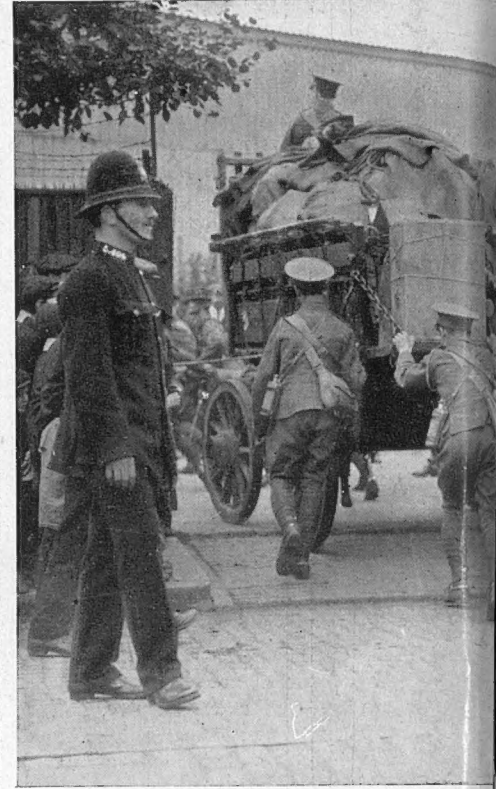
ENGLAND IN WAR TIME: LONDON



WHERE THE WAR CAUSED GREAT BUSINESS: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S FACULTY OFFICE FOR MARRIAGE LICENSES.



HER LAST WALK IN LONDON: PRINCESS LICHNOWSKY, WIFE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, TAKING A FAREWELL STROLL.



A WORLD-FAMOUS CRICKET GROUND REQUISITIONED THE OVAL USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR.



OUR MOST FAMOUS VETERAN INTERESTED IN THE WAR: LORD ROBERTS AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE.



AN EX-WAR MINISTER AND THE PRESENT WAR MINISTER: LORD HALDANE AND LORD KITCHENER OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE.

We need not say much about the photographs on this page, which for the most part sufficiently explain themselves, though one or two points may be noted. For example, one interesting result of the outbreak of war has been a great rush on the part of naval and military officers to marry. It was arranged recently that the Faculty Office for the issue of special licenses should remain open day and night for several days. In connection with our photograph of Princess

Photographs by Illustrations B.

UNDER ARMS; AND PERSONALITIES.



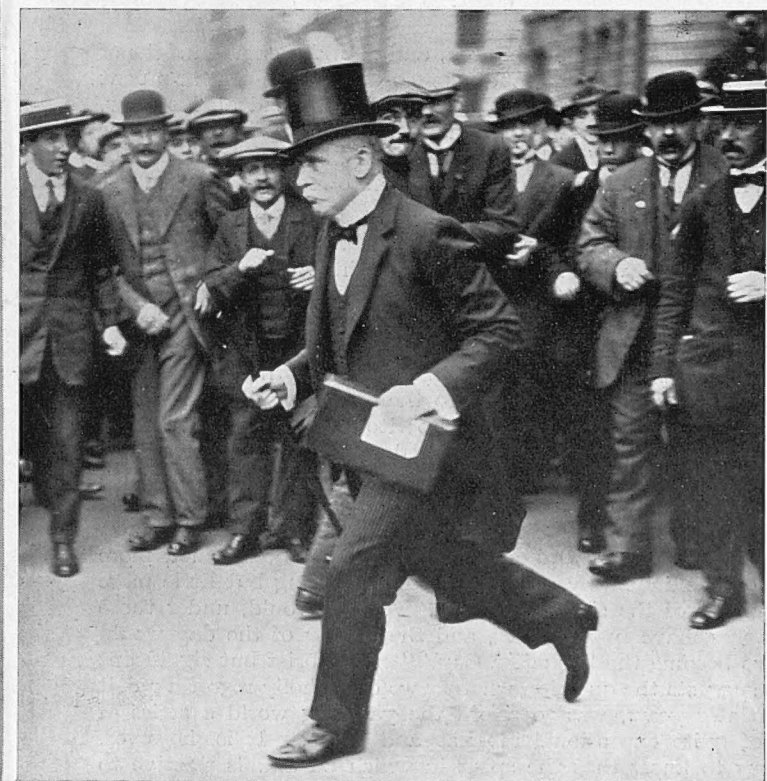
THE GOVERNMENT FOR MILITARY PURPOSES:
MOBILISATION OF THE TERRITORIALS.



NAMED AS COMMANDER OF THE SECOND
CORPS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY
FORCE: GENERAL SIR JAMES GRIERSON.



SOMEBODY'S HOME COMMANDEERED FOR A HOSPITAL:
REMOVING FURNITURE FROM A HOUSE TAKEN OVER
BY THE GOVERNMENT.



SIR JOHN FRENCH RUNNING AWAY!—FROM THE CROWD: THE INSPECTOR-
GENERAL OF THE FORCES LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE.



THE CREATOR OF THE BOY SCOUTS AND HIS WIFE: SIR ROBERT AND
LADY BADEN-POWELL LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE.

ichnowsky we may recall the fact that, just before she and her husband left the German Embassy, she took a farewell stroll by herself in St. James's Park. As regards the photograph of Territorials at the Oval, it may be recalled that the London Territorials began to mobilise on Aug. 3. It is rumoured that the Boy Scouts may receive official recognition. They have made themselves very useful to the authorities in a variety of ways.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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LITERARY LOUNGER.

"SHAMROCK IV." AND THE AMERICA CUP.*

War—and Peace. Despite the excitement inevitably caused by a
great war, there is yet room to chronicle the
voyaging of the challenger *Shamrock IV.* to compete once more for
the British lifting of the America Cup. "Peace hath her victories,
no less renown'd than war," and it will be a victory indeed should
this latest *Shamrock* wrest the Cup from the country which won it
first, with the schooner *America*, on Aug. 22, 1851, when it was,
erroneously, called the Queen's Cup, it having been offered in reality
by the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was raced for round the Isle of
Wight. *America* has held the cup ever since, despite many doughty
challengers. In 1870 and 1871 it was challenged with the *Cambria*
and the *Livonia*, but both suffered defeat. In 1875 and in 1881
Canadian challengers were no more successful, nor were the later
British challengers of 1885, 1887, 1893, and 1895, the races contested
by Lord Dunraven in the last-mentioned two years, with *Valkyrie II.*
and *Valkyrie III.*, giving rise to considerable controversy.

After Three Years. Three years passed before a challenge came
from Sir Thomas Lipton, and it was not until
October 1899 that the race took place outside Sandy Hook. Again
defeat was the lot of the British challenger, *Shamrock*. It was
evident, however, that the race was being taken very seriously.
Yachting in this case was a very different thing from an August
cruise at Cowes, where dainty ladies recruit their charms after the
wear and tear of the London season, and look to the fine sea air to
"fill them with virtue and vitality." The challenge for the America
Cup implied a great deal more than rose-shaded lights and the *pâté
de foie gras* of life. The race was recognised as a big thing, and that
the yacht which was to have any hope of success must be gallant
enough to have inspired the sculptor-poet Allan Cunningham. But
all the skill brought to bear upon the building and the handling of
the yacht was not yet to spell success to the British owner.

The Story of the Cup.

The persistence of Lord Dunraven, the still
greater persistence of Sir Thomas Lipton, the
whole stirring story of the America Cup, may
be read in concise form in a book called "The America Cup: Its
Origin and History," by Henry J. Grandison (the De La More Press),
and will be studied with zest by all to whom the mere name of the
race is as a trumpet-call. During the eleven years which have passed
since the last race for the America Cup things have moved in the
yachting world, and this little book is rich in information as to the
conditions of the contest and details of the various races which have
been held since the memorable contest off the Isle of Wight in 1851,
when Queen Victoria was present on the *Victoria and Albert*, with
the Prince Consort and their children, and *America* came in sight of
the royal yacht in Alum Bay, and, as recorded by the correspondent
of *Bell's Life*, "the Commodore took off his hat, and all his crew,
following his order and example, remained with uncovered heads for
some minutes, until they had passed the yacht, a mark of respect for
the Queen not less becoming because it was bestowed by Republicans."

A Question of Time.

An interesting account is given of this first
race—the origin of the America Cup: "The
wind had fallen very light as *America* rounded
the Needles. Taking the time as given for rounding, she occupied
two hours and fifty minutes in running up the West Channel to Cowes,
a distance of about thirteen miles. All this time the little *Aurora*
was steadily creeping up, and materially reducing the gap between
the leader and herself; but owing to the long lead which *America*
had at the Needles, the other competitors seem to have been
forgotten, so that, when *Aurora* finished only eight minutes after
America, she was almost unnoticed amid the excitement with which
the visiting boat's victory was hailed. *America* received the winning
gun at 8 hours 47 minutes. There was no time allowance in the race.
Had there been, *Aurora's* allowance would have been much more
than the eight minutes by which she lost, she being but little more
than a quarter of the size of *America*. *Aurora* would, under those
circumstances, have been winner, and the trophy of the day would
never have become the 'America Cup.' This brief but significant
chronicle suggests the question whether we can wholly regret a result
which, in later years, was to afford the yachting world a series of
contests of quite exceptional interest and value. It is, however,
satisfactory to know that the spirit in which all details relative to
the race were carried out on both sides was "excellent," and that
"there was an absence of all hostile comment, of seeking for excuses,
of protest or criticism."

A Narrow Escape. A peculiarly noticeable detail in this chronicle
is that, when Commodore Stevens returned to
America with the Cup, interest in the trophy in this country died.
The Cup belonged to the syndicate who owned the yacht, was kept
first at the house of one and then of another, and even "at one
time it was proposed to melt the cup and make medals from it, one
for each of the owners, with suitable inscriptions commemorative of
the race." The Cup, however, remained intact, and was handed
over to the New York Yacht Club, in 1857, to be offered as an inter-
national challenge trophy, and the first challenger was Mr. James Ash-
bury, with his schooner *Cambria*, built by Michael Ratsey, of Cowes.

* "The America Cup: Its Origin and History." By Henry J. Grandison. With Twenty-four
Illustrations. (Alexander Moring, Ltd.; 1s. net.)



KENT YOKELS AND THE WAR: CRICKET AND THE CRISIS: ASKING THE POLICEMAN.

Napoleonic Invasion Traditions.

I was in dear, sleepy old Canterbury when the first blows of the European war were struck, and I was interested to see how the grandchildren of the men who had lived in daily expectation of a French invasion received the news of a war that might possibly mean the landing of a hostile force on British ground. Whether he is conscious of the fact or not, the agricultural labourer of to-day in the southern counties still remembers the stories told him by his grandparents of the preparations made against an invasion, and of the orders, should the French land, to drive all flocks and herds inland and to burn all fodder and provisions that could not be carried away. I have seen in Kentish farmhouses the old stained leaflets containing these instructions, and probably every Kentish labourer has seen them also, or at least knows of their existence.

How the Yokels Heard the News.

And I warrant that the yokels read the proclamations and the despatches and the leaflets of those days, a hundred years and more ago, very much as the young men in Canterbury read the telegrams that were posted up on Bank Holiday Monday in the window of the county newspaper in Canterbury. There was a crowd all the afternoon before this window, and as Sir Edward Grey's words were

shown on sheets of cardboard the clergymen and the county gentry who had pushed into the crowd went away without saying a word—they had knowledge of the tremendous gravity of the situation; but now and again a yokel, probably the wag of his village, would make some silly joke about the Germans and would laugh at it himself. The old cathedral city was swarming that day with trippers who had come over in charabancs and in the huge motor-cars, but there was no rowdiness, and most of the excursionists had serious faces, for they were Londoners, and, being more quick-witted than the country lads, had understood at least something of the situation.

The Cricket Week. Canterbury was all a-flutter with flags, as she always is in her holiday week, and at night was gemmed with tens of thousands of electric lights, a great illuminated Canterbury-bell hanging just in front of Mercery Lane, the little street of three-decker houses that leads down to the cathedral gate. But though the cricket went on as usual and the band played in the Dane John—the little park in an angle of the old walls—the shadow of the war had fallen on the "week" before its first day.

So many of the officers who would under ordinary circumstances have been enjoying themselves at Canterbury had been ordered to rejoin their regiments, and so many of the ladies who had husbands and brothers and sons who were "standing by" at one garrison or another waiting for orders had no hearts for frivolity, that the two balls of the week, on Wednesday and Friday, were cancelled.

The Old Stagers. The Old Stagers, the famous club of amateur actors, whose seventy-third season this was at Canterbury, were to have played "Clancarty" and "Priscilla Runs Away," and they had come down to Canterbury with their scenery and dresses and all the impedimenta that such an occasion requires.

Every seat in the theatre had been booked for all four nights of their performances. The organisers of "the Week" were anxious that, unless there was some supreme reason, such as a declaration of war, the theatre should not be closed; and the Old Stagers (many of whom held or had held commissions) and the ladies who played with them were ready to put on one side their own inclinations so as not to disappoint their public. But a couple of telegrams ordering two of the men who were playing principal parts to rejoin their Yeomanry



TO CHEER THE RULING HOUSE IN THE HOUR OF NATIONAL TRIAL: PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATIONS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

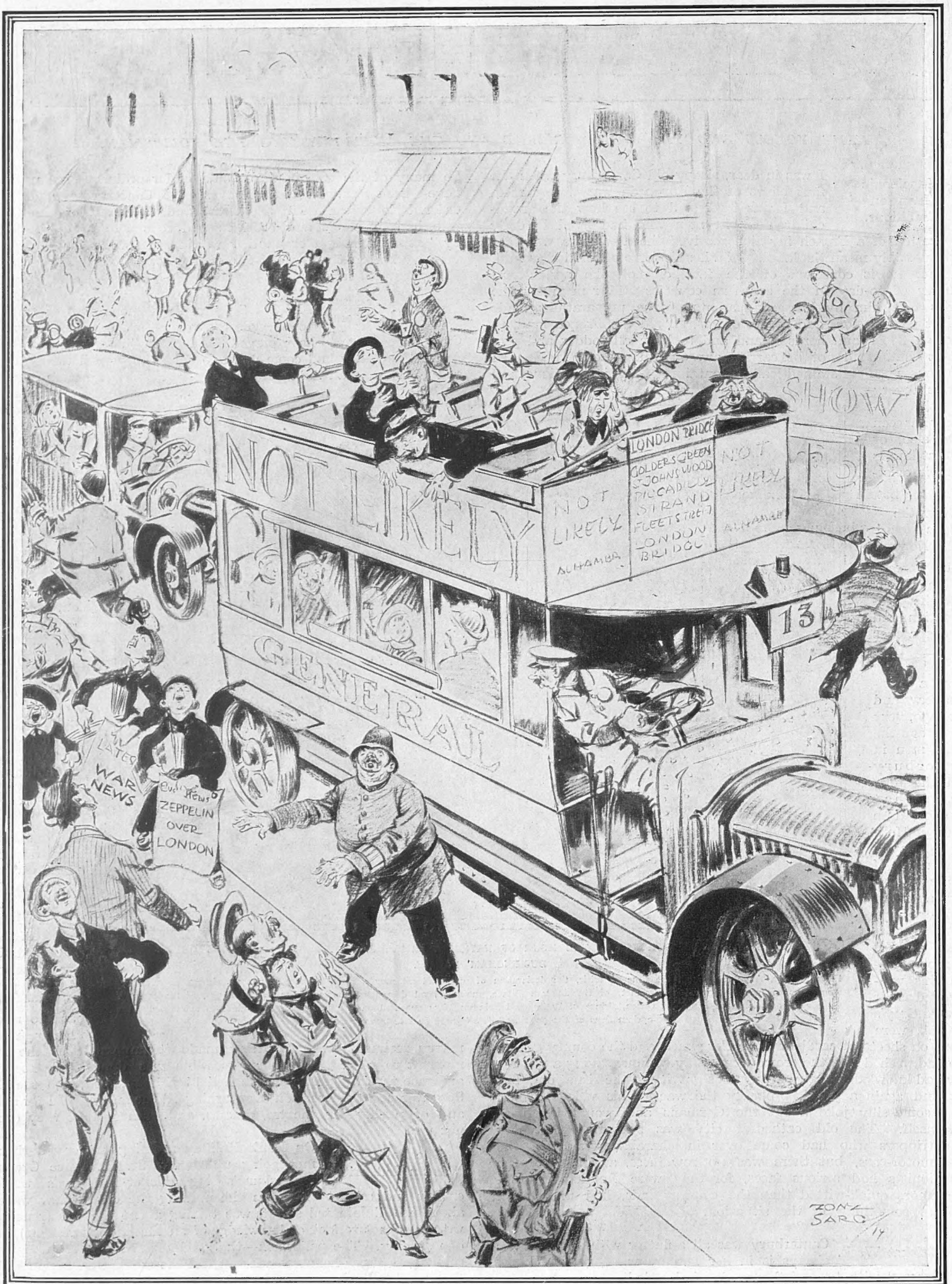
From Sunday, Aug. 2, through the time of crisis, the declaration of war, and afterwards, huge crowds, composed almost of as many women as of men, thronged the precincts of Buckingham Palace, making loyal demonstrations in favour of the King and the country. On several occasions the King and Queen, Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary appeared on the balcony of the Palace to acknowledge the acclamations of the populace.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

regiments without delay made it impossible at the last moment to play. Everything possible was done to apprise the audience that the performances had been abandoned, and the Old Stagers faced the situation of returning all the money paid for seats and of paying for theatre, dresses, and scenery that they could not use.

The Policeman as an Authority.

On Bank Holiday morning the crowd that I met going up to the St. Lawrence Ground, Canterbury's big cricket-field, was talking cricket and cricket only. In the evening the crowd that walked about the illuminated streets was talking about the war (generally with an absolute lack of knowledge of all the important facts), and of war only. The policemen—the good-natured giants, mostly old soldiers, in straw helmets—who control the traffic were supposed by the crowd to have a greater knowledge of matters military than mere civilians, and little crowds gathered round them asking them questions that it would have puzzled the greatest strategists in the world to answer. At midnight, as I walked homewards, the only people I passed were a merchant sailor, a girl on his arm, arguing with a policeman as to which port was "the key of the Channel."

WAR NERVES: TERRIBLE EFFECT OF A CLAP OF THUNDER.

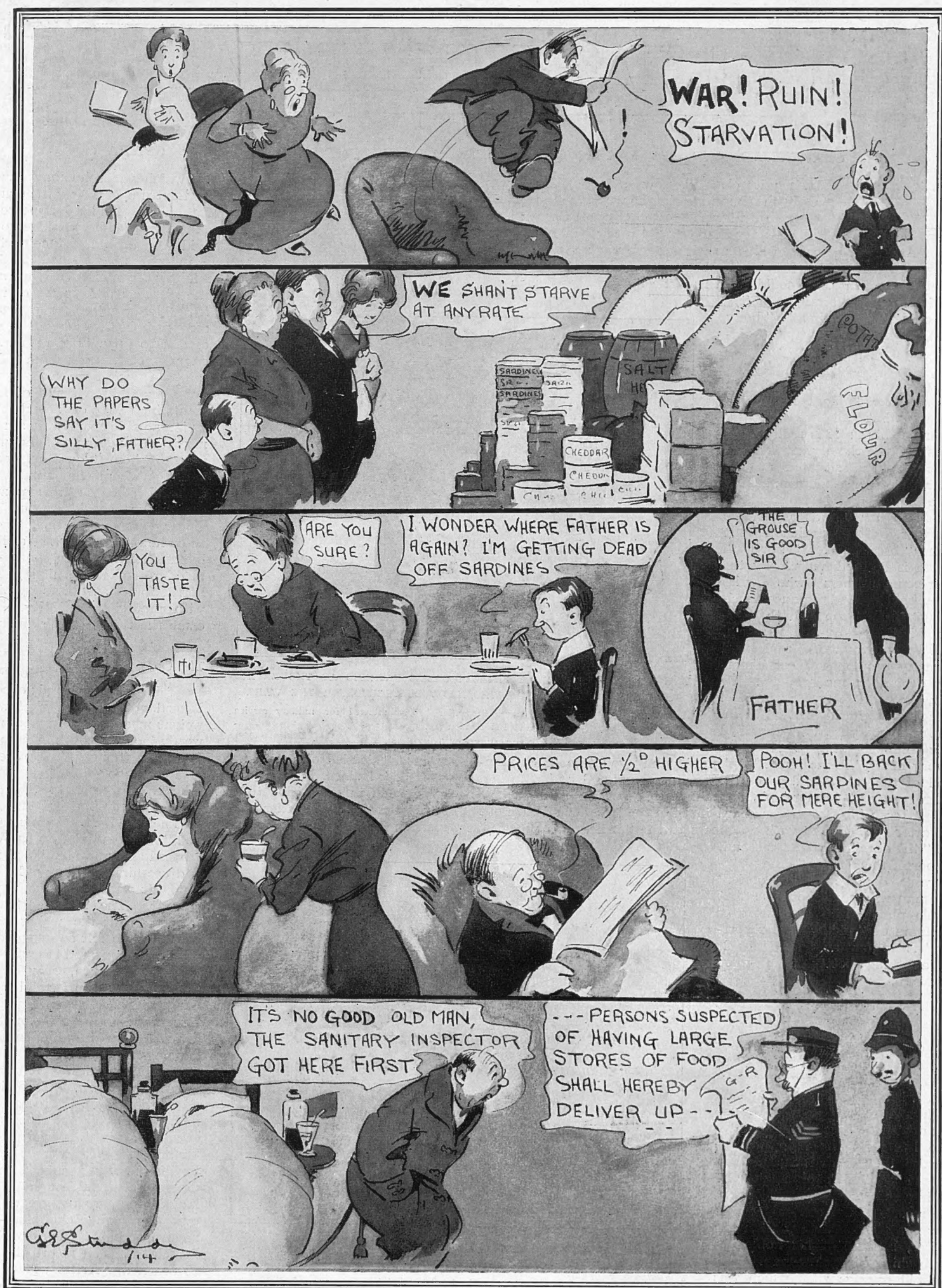


A RESULT OF UNDIGESTED WAR NEWS: IS IT A ZEPPELIN BOMB?

During the first few days of the war London was somewhat afflicted with nerves, and all sorts of "horrible rumors" were spread about. On Wednesday, Aug. 5, there was a very loud clap of thunder which was not preceded by the usual warnings of rain or lightning. Immediately stories of air-ships dropping bombs and alien spies

blowing up public buildings spread like wild-fire in the Strand, and even one of our most staid penny evening papers was bitten by the scare, and solemnly printed an announcement that its reporters, after careful investigation, could find no basis for the report.—[CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.]

ARE YOU A PANICKER? FOOD — FOR REFLECTION.



SARDINES — ON TOAST: THE SAD STORY OF A FOOLISH HOUSEHOLD IN WAR-TIME.

Our artist has shown us in lighter vein, the sad fate of a family stricken with the quite unnecessary war panic which was only too prominent during the first week of the war, and which, unfortunately, had a very serious side too, needlessly sending the

price of foodstuffs up to such an extent that the Government were obliged, with the co-operation of leading firms, to intervene by fixing maximum prices for certain commodities.—[DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.]



CARPENTIER AND HIS SPARRING PARTNERS AT THE EMPIRE :A GORELESS COMBAT.

The Super-Penny-a-Liners.

It is quite clear that our esteemed Editor was right in choosing Mr. Tony Sarg and yours truly to deal with Mossoo Georges Carpentier's turn at the Empire. I don't say that I would really put my money on our Artist in the case of a scrap with that Frenchman, but he is rather a terrible-looking fellow, whilst my technical knowledge about boxing is immense. I could fill this article with terms such as "half-hook," "straight left," "clinching," "holding," "body blows," "breaking away," "kidney punches," "pretty foot-work," and, above all, "solar plexus." No doubt, the term "solar plexus" does not mean exactly what all we sporting noblemen think: it is really "the largest of the three great sympathetic plexuses, situated at the upper part of the abdomen, behind the stomach, and in front of the aorta." When I was young we used to refer to it, or thereabouts, as the "bread-basket," but such a term is deemed vulgar by the super-penny-a-liners who write about boxing, and produce fascinatingly funny copy on the subject of the glove-fights which, until a few days ago, were deemed by many people the most important events of modern life. Ye gods, how these gentry wrote! Homer could hardly match them. What lovely phrases bejewelled their columns—what references to "ivory limbs," forms like a "splendid young god," to "the manhood of the race," and so on! It was quite grand and amusing. Where you and I, mere plain-speaking folk, would simply have said, "Jones hit Brown very hard in the eye," they could turn out a quarter of a column with references to the "lithe, agile athlete" and "the dazzling swiftness," and, of course, the phrase "doing considerable damage to his optic." The man who could not turn that simple phrase into a quarter of a column of "picturesque reporting" is no journalist, and not fit for anything better than mere literature.

The Shadow Dance.

After this preliminary bit of penny-a-lining of my own, let me come to our muttons. When Item No. 10 was announced, a pale young gentleman with a pacific air came on as herald of the sturdy Gaul—"sturdy Gaul" is rather good—who has fired the blood of the females that attend the modern prize-ring. This spokesman gave us, in a somewhat congested form, the record of the coal-miner who now earns more money than my Editor, because of his noble gift for bashing his fellow-man. The intrepid courage with which this chronicler attacked unfriendly French names deserved greater success than was achieved. And then the band played; of course, the "Marseillaise." Oh, happy Rouget de Lisle! Not in vain did you and your violin spend a thrilling night composing the "chant de guerre" with a somewhat lamentable symphony that has since been abandoned! What joy to you in the shades to know that your music has at last had a glorious employment! I am half-inclined to think that

Handel's little effort in "Joshua," which the schoolboy sang as "See the corn-cured hero comes, beat the trumpets, blow the drums," would have been more appropriate. Then the hero appeared in bright red stockings, ruddier than the legs of the partridges of his country, and white pants, and a vivid blue jersey: gay colouring—national, of course—crude enough in tone to set one's teeth on edge. A foeman with an artistic instinct would have thrown up

the sponge at the sight of it—at least, he wouldn't, because the seconds hold the sponge. He proceeded to do a kind of shadow-dance—not the one from "Dinorah," of which we all got tired years ago, but a series of movements indicative of a combat with an impalpable enemy, whose movements and manoeuvres he anticipated, whose blows he dodged, and to whom he administered dreadful strokes: this phantom combat is considered of great efficacy amongst the "pugs." Anon he punched a ball—a simple, blameless leather bag containing a bladder—sometimes hitting it with horrid force, at others tapping it with prodigious rapidity. Then came the tit-bit of the affair.



VIVE CARPENTIER! VIVE LA FRANCE! GALIC PATRIOTS AT THE EMPIRE CHEERING THEIR CHAMPION, WHO HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR THE WARS.

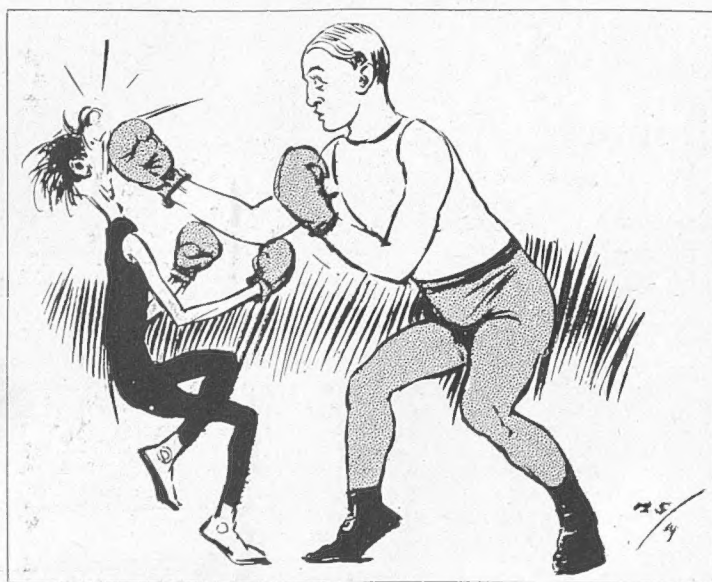
As mentioned on the opposite page, Carpentier has volunteered for military service and left London last week.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

seemed "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." No wonder, poor dear! since, in comparison with his opponent, he suggested a cock robin in opposition to an elephant. I wanted to get up and shout out that Carpentier wouldn't really hurt him, but our Artist restrained me firmly: probably he knew that the "young Greek god" would treat him as Walton

The Goreless Combat.

The Welter-Weight Champion of France appeared: of course, I need not tell you what welter-weight means. He was a rather weedy-looking youth, whose face seemed "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." No wonder, poor dear! since, in comparison with his opponent, he suggested a cock robin in opposition to an elephant. I wanted to get up and shout out that Carpentier wouldn't really hurt him, but our Artist restrained me firmly: probably he knew that the "young Greek god" would treat him as Walton advised anglers to handle the frog, and use him as though he loved him. It was a glorious, goreless combat. The French champion seemed to hit the welter-weight whenever he felt so disposed, and though he appeared to expose himself to easy return, escaped almost untouched. Even I could see that Carpentier was astonishingly dexterous and swift, and could have given lessons in nimbleness to a dancing-master: the way in which he eluded blows was remarkable. There were two rounds of it, and Carpentier seemed to score as many points as our best actors can make in a performance of "Hamlet." It wasn't exactly thrilling: my young blood remained cold, although a sweet lady beside me gave groans whenever the young chopping-block received a blow. As a conclusion, I wish to put on record the fact—to which our Artist will testify—that the welter-weight won! for



ROUGH ON THE OWNER OF THE CLARET: CARPENTIER AND AN OPPONENT PUT UP TO MEET HIM AT THE EMPIRE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.]

Carpentier struck him after "time" was called: won, in fact, on a foul. There is very modern precedent for this—let me end with four lines from a popular poem—

"But what good came of it at last?"

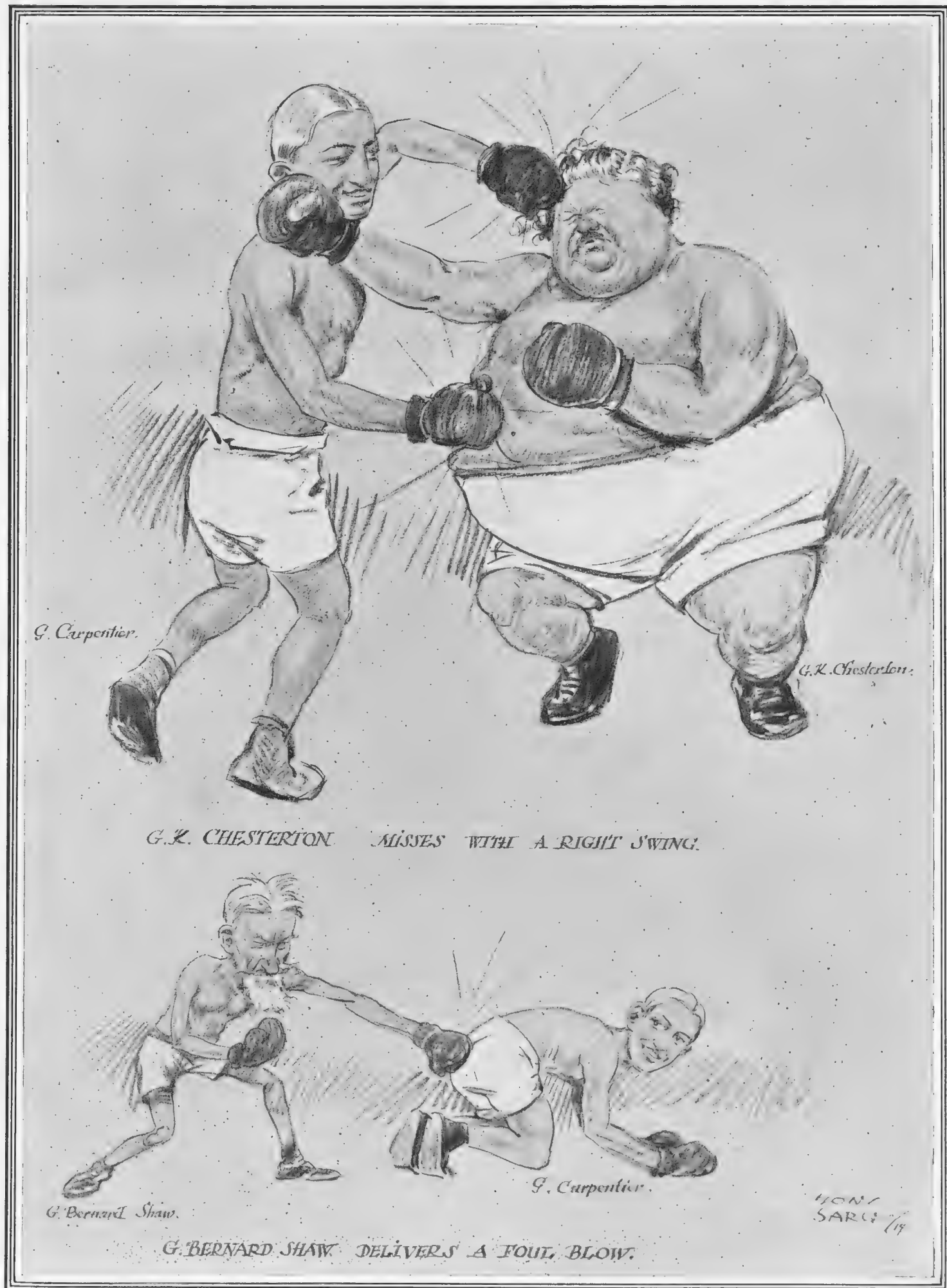
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;

"But 'twas a famous victory."

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: CARPENTIER, VOLUNTEER.



"BIG GUNS" THE WHITE CHAMPION MIGHT MEET ON HIS RETURN FROM THE WAR: CARPENTIER IN SOME VISIONARY ENCOUNTERS IMAGINED BY OUR ARTIST.

Carpentier, the famous French boxer, left London last Thursday to fight for his country in more serious encounters than those of the ring. Although under age, it is said, he has volunteered for service. His fight with Young Ahearn, fixed for this month, has been postponed, and "Guaboat" Smith has arranged to fight Ahearn

instead on the same date. Carpentier has promised that, if he returns safely from the war, he will make a meeting with Ahearn his first engagement. Latterly the White Champion has been giving some exhibition bouts at the Empire, including shadow-boxing with imaginary foes. Our Artist here imagines some interesting opponents.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



SIR JOHN JELlicoe.

"EXCELLENT; I'm sure you'll win." Such was Jellicoe's quiet comment while he watched his crew (he was only Lieutenant then) practising for the first of a long line of field-gun competitions. Gun-practice of the sort was brought into being by a sort of accident. At a sham fight at Whale Island in which the landing parties were required to get their guns into position on the top of a slope with all despatch, one gun was seen to be ready a good three minutes before the rest. "Who's gun's that?" asked "Jacky" Fisher. It was Jellicoe's, and though nothing more was said, the great man's question was as good as a book of compliments from anybody else. "I'll try you again at that gun business," said the commander of the crew that had come in second; and, later in the year, the chance offered at Portsmouth. The officers engaged were both marked men, and the Fleet turned out to watch the competition. Jellicoe won; he always wins. His quiet confidence in his men has never failed him.

On the Quiet. It is because of his quiet that we on land know so little of him, and it is one of the reasons why the Navy knows so much of him. The Navy likes to have special knowledge—it likes to have secrets; and the Navy's confidence in Jellicoe has been handed round from ship to ship and from squadron to squadron until it has become one of the facts of which the English sailor is most sure. It has all been on the quiet: Jellicoe does not get into the papers. He is not like the illustrious Admiral who, whenever he had spent a sleepless night in his bunk composing racy and effective signals, let the reporters know in time to see the flag-ship flying them. Sir John has probably never written a letter to the papers, and he could never hope to rival the literary broadsides of a Charlie Beresford or a Percy Scott. He belongs to the Silent Navy. And he has breathed the winds of the world without ever becoming a wind-bag.

A Fisher Man. First and last he has been a "Jacky" Fisher man. When he and Scott were Lieutenants they came under the eye of that most discerning of sailors, and were "spotted." Lord Fisher has done many useful things at the Admiralty; one most useful thing was that he let the First Lord into the secret of Jellicoe's supremacy as a leader. The Admiralty in the end would have discovered it for itself, and credit for the splendid promptitude with which Sir John was put at the head of the Fleet when war became inevitable is Mr. Winston Churchill's own. But Lord Fisher prepared the way.

Cleared for Action. A short man—as short as, and perhaps shorter than, Nelson—and clean-shaven, his face, as they say, is cleared for action. He gives his orders rather as if he were saying "How do you do?" and never raises his voice above conversational pitch. Of the bully there is absolutely nothing in his nature, and nobody can quarrel with him. It has been said of his first chief that "Jacky hypnotises people"; and both Fisher and Jellicoe attract and draw instead of driving. But hypnotism is not the word for a manner devoid of effort or any sort of staginess. An admirer of the elder man describes his "torrents of enthusiasm, his words of molten lava, his ruthless eye." About Jellicoe there is nothing torrential, or lava-esque, or ruthless. He gets the same hold on his men, but without a method, and without, apparently, putting the machinery of his personality into motion.

"Punch First and Frequent." That the man with whom no-

body on earth can quarrel should be the ideal leader of our battle-ships is only one of the thousand paradoxes of war. Sir John's even temper and manner do not, however, mean weakness. He believes, with Lord Fisher, that the mission of the British Navy is to hit hard, hit first, and hit anywhere. Mulvaney says the same thing: "I'm not for fightin', ivery gent for the pure joy of fightin', but when you do, punch him first and frequent." That was what happened in the manoeuvres of a few years back. Jellicoe went in for them with such unaccustomed zest and talent that, instead of lasting on for three weeks, they had to be called off in three days. He had bottled up the "enemy" in such a way that there was no possibility of going on with them.

Saving Life and—! His record on paper is good

enough, though it hardly gives a clue to the greatness of the man as the Navy reckons it. Badly wounded in the expedition for the relief of the Pekin Legations, his life has been variously imperilled. When the *Victoria* was rammed and sunk by the *Camperdown* twenty years ago, he was in the minority and rescued; and at another time he nearly lost his own by saving another man's

life at sea. "Saving life at sea"—there again is a paradox of a career which has been given to the perfecting of English gunnery. Sir John is proud of the Board of Trade's silver medal, but for the moment it is a matter of destroying as well as saving life—or nations. For such work as has to be done Sir John is the right man. On this point the Navy, and through the Navy the country, is amply satisfied.



HOLDER OF THE "SURE SHIELD": ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELlicoe.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets, is in supreme command in the North Sea, was fifty-four in December, and has been in the Navy since 1872. He has twice seen war service: first in the Egyptian War of 1882; and secondly, in China, in 1900, when he was wounded in Sir Edward Seymour's expedition to relieve the Pekin Legations. It will be remembered that in the Manoeuvres last year he commanded the "Red Fleet" in the North Sea, and successfully captured Grimsby and other ports on the East Coast. He was associated in the creation and equipment of the ships which he now commands, for, when Third Sea Lord at the Admiralty, he was a member of the famous "Dreadnought" Design Committee. He is also a gunnery specialist. In his message to Admiral Jellicoe and his Fleet on the outbreak of the war, the King said: "At this grave moment in our national history, I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the Fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

"ICH DIEN": THE PRINCE JOINS THE GRENADIERS.



WITH THE ACTIVE ARMY, AS HIS BROTHER IS WITH THE ACTIVE NAVY: THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It has been an open secret since the outbreak of the war that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was exceedingly anxious to see active service in the Army. He has already been for some time a member of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, and has shown great keenness in camp and on manoeuvres, and was promoted to Corporal quite recently. In the ordinary course of events he would have been given a commission in the Regular Army next year after leaving Oxford, but on Aug. 7 it was announced that

he had been given a commission in the Grenadier Guards, and he joined his regiment the same day and received an enthusiastic welcome from officers and men. He will go with his regiment wherever it is called upon to serve. The Prince has also made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the National Fund, of which he is acting as Treasurer, for the relief of suffering caused by the war. Our photograph shows him (standing in the centre) in his uniform as a "non-com." of the "O.U.O.T.C."

Photograph by L.N.A.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



JUST MARRIED TO A NAVAL OFFICER: MRS. J. W. S. DORLING, FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY BURNETT PANTON, WHOSE WEDDING TO LIEUTENANT DORLING, R.N., TOOK PLACE ON JULY 30.

Mrs. Dorling is the only daughter of Colonel J. G. Pantton, C.M.G., of The Red House, Farnborough. The marriage was originally arranged to take place in August, but the date was changed to July 30, doubtless owing to the war crisis, which precipitated many marriages of naval and military officers.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MISS LOUIE CATHERINE ETHELDREDA LE GEYT DANIELL TO-DAY (THE 12TH): MR. JOHN ARTHUR BARCLAY.

Mr. Barclay is the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert Barclay, of Essendon, Hertfordshire. The wedding is at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED TO SIR LAURENCE DOWDALL ON AUG. 1: LADY DOWDALL, FORMERLY MRS. HENRY STANNARD.

Lady Dowdall is the widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Stannard. Her maiden name was Miss Frances Edie, and she is a daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Clotworthy Lecky Edie.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE Prince of Wales's anxiety to get to the front was natural enough; but so, too, was their Majesties' anxiety to keep him in town. If one son had not already been at sea the Prince would have met with less opposition from the King and Queen. His Royal Highness seems to have grasped at every possible opening, and neither the War Office nor the Admiralty was left unpetitioned. Mr. Asquith, a very accessible War Minister, would probably have fallen in with the Prince's plans earlier than last Thursday, but at the last moment he was able to leave the responsibility to "K. of K.," who, by consent of the King, was able to give the Prince the chance he was wanting. The Prince has been given a commission in the Grenadiers, and will probably go with them on active service.

Pot-Luck and the Despots.

The Carlton set an admirable example in economy by modifying its bill-of-fare and suggesting that members should eat plain luncheons. In the House of Commons the desire to live simply during the time of crisis is obvious; and even if the French cooks were still at their posts in Westminster there would be very little call made upon their more refined and ingenious talents. But the Commons is known to be twice as fastidious as the Lords, where only the other day, during a prolonged sitting in committee, Lord St. Aldwyn, the Marquess of Bath, Lord Halsbury, and Lord Courtney all partook in perfect content of sandwiches and beer or sandwiches and water. Lord Stanley, as a matter of fact, took the water without the sandwiches, but we must hope that he was only postponing his luncheon hour. "Come and take despot luck with me at the House," ran the invitation the other day of an M.P. who is inclined to resent the curtailment of the Commons menu. But whether the despot is the Kaiser or only the Chief of the Kitchens' Committee is not clear.



ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES BANNATYNE FINDLAY, R.H.A.: MISS VIOLET GUNTER.

Miss Gunter is the only daughter of the late Major-General James Gunter, of Aldwark Manor, Alne, Yorkshire. Mr. Charles Findlay, who is in the Royal Horse Artillery, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elmsall Findlay, of Boturich Castle, Balloch, Dumbartonshire.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

All at Sea. The Countess of Kimberley got across from Homburg in the last train allowed to pass, but she is not very clear as to who may have been her fellow-passengers. It was a journey of some confusion. Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton, Sir John and Lady Hare, and Lord and Lady William Cecil were also lately heard of in Homburg, but for the time being the whereabouts of many people are extremely vague. Lady Derby was on the Continent ten days ago, and Lord Derby, who had premonitions of the declaration of war, made every effort at the last moment to join her and bring her home. The Countess of Granard, Lord Nunburnholme, and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills

joined the *Olympic* just before the outbreak of hostilities, and were therefore among the last batch of passengers to attempt the crossing on an English liner. Other adventurers by sea were Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie, who were cruising in their yacht *Miranda* off the French coast just before the war. But for once they were not comfortable at sea; and although they had to come ashore before learning the exact state of affairs, they had felt instinctively that it was no time for pleasure sailing.

This Way and That.

Crossings and re-crossings have been the order of the day among the unfortunates who have found themselves on the wrong side of the Channel at the wrong moment. The Duke of Westminster was abroad only the other day; last week he made a sudden appearance in Piccadilly, anxious for any sort of marching orders. It is said that he is already back on the other side. Count Hochberg, with different motives, has also been on the move. He came back to England from Germany two days before he knew that there was anything to keep him out of England, and had, as usual, prepared for the hunting season in the Shires. But now he is back in Germany—an intrepid horseman riding, maybe, for the most serious fall of his life.



A NAVAL OFFICER JUST MARRIED: LIEUTENANT J. W. S. DORLING, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS DOROTHY BURNETT PANTON TOOK PLACE ON JULY 30.

Lieutenant J. W. S. Dorling, of H.M.S. "Vernon," the torpedo school-ship at Portsmouth, is a son of Colonel F. Dorling, of Duns, Farnborough, Hants. Many naval and military officers, it may be noted, have recently hurried on their weddings; indeed, the office for the issue of special licenses remained open day and night for several days.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. JOHN ARTHUR BARCLAY TO-DAY: MISS LOUIE CATHERINE ETHELDREDA LE GEYT DANIELL.

Miss Daniell is the only child of the late Mr. Walter Le Geyt Daniell, and granddaughter of Colonel James Le Geyt Daniell, of 22, Wilton Crescent.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED TO MRS. HENRY STANNARD ON AUG. 1: SIR LAURENCE C. E. DOWDALL, C.B.

Sir Laurence Dowdall was formerly head of the Administrative Department of the Chief Secretary's Office at Dublin Castle, and was private secretary to several Chief Secretaries in succession.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

"O Moments Big as Years!"



XIII.—WHEN THE WIND DEFEATS YOUR ATTEMPTS TO READ THE "STOP PRESS" WAR NEWS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

MINISTERS; AND THE RED CROSS: WAR SNAPSHOTS.



THE CABINET MINISTER WHO IS UPHOLDING THE INTERESTS OF THE NAVY, AND A CABINET MINISTER WHO RESIGNED ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. JOHN BURNS AT THE DOOR OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has enhanced his already brilliant reputation by his masterly handling of the Naval situation during the crisis and since the outbreak of war, and it has been related that he was congratulated in the Lobby of the House by his some-time political

enemy, Lord Charles Beresford.—Mr. John Burns, "Honest John," as he used to be called in his Labour Party days, is still as blunt and straightforward as ever. Unable to agree with other members of the Cabinet on their war policy, he resigned, with Lord Morley, rather than sow dissension in the Cabinet at a critical hour.

Photograph by the Farrington Photo. Co.



ENROLLED TO MARCH UNDER THE RED CROSS: HOSPITAL NURSES ENTRAINING AT WATERLOO FOR PORTSMOUTH.

From every part of the Empire and from every class of the community noble women have volunteered in their thousands for the task of caring for the sick and wounded in the war, and our illustration shows a detachment of nurses leaving London for Portsmouth. Even before war was actually declared, but

when the crisis was at its highest, Princess Christian was at the War Office in connection with the organisation of the nurses for war service, whilst at the Mansion House the Lady Mayoress secured the use of the Guildhall as a depot for the use of the British Red Cross Society, or as a temporary hospital.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



VARIETIES AT THE OXFORD : THE EMPIRE : THE LONDON OPERA-HOUSE.

ONE night last week I went to the Oxford Music Hall to see an old favourite of mine who has of recent times more or less deserted the legitimate stage for the allurements of the halls. It was Mr. A. W. Baskcomb who exercised this unholy sway over my movements. He was playing in a sketch bearing the name of "The Staff Dinner," in which he was supported by his wife, Ninon Dudley, his taxi-driver, and his film, and I found him thoroughly enjoying himself and making the audience thoroughly enjoy itself at the same time. The little piece is precluded by some cinematographic pictures in which representation is made of the feast as partaken of by Mr. Baskcomb and his friends, which displays a great deal of alcoholic inspiration coupled with excesses of the more or less ordinary type. After this has been carefully presented to the audience, up goes the curtain and we are shown the unfortunate victim of alcohol on the following morning. Here lies the unhappy sufferer from last night's festivities in bed in company with the long loaf which he has waved with such delirious joy on the previous evening, and to him enters his young wife with appeals to him to rise and sally forth to his daily work. But it is no good, for the unhappy man is incapable of rising, or, if he does rise, is forced back to bed by his pitiful sufferings. After much mirth-making of an order which brings screams of laughter from the audience, he is summoned to his normal toil by his employer, and goes forth to it in a costume that is characterised by its haste and its general absence of the normal. This tiny piece goes extremely well. Mr. Baskcomb is the possessor of a face that is of itself sufficient to express to the full all the suffering necessary, and, in addition, he can do much to add to the humours of the scene. Ably backed up by Miss Ninon Dudley, he succeeds in keeping the audience laughing cheerily from start to close of "The Staff Dinner," which may be regarded as one of the merriest trifles now to be seen.

The Empire. Last Wednesday night I visited the Empire. The ill-starred revue has been removed, and has given place to a variety entertainment pure and simple. This, I was sorry to see, had not worked the house back to its old crowded condition, but I suppose that in due time some way will be found of luring back the old habitués and of enticing inside the necessary youthful additions. Of the turns presented, Volant and his Flying Piano, perhaps, was the best. It announces itself on the programme as "excelling in its aerial eccentricities, the most daring feats of modern Aviators," and certainly it possesses great attractiveness. High extended in the air is presented the piano, upon which a

lady stands and sings, while her accompaniment is played by Volant, who is seated on a stool attached to the musical instrument. After the lady has sung and danced to the melody evoked by the pianist, he plays a solo, in which the piano is whirled at a tremendous pace through the air, and finally settles upon the stage in a state of peaceful calm. This is really a very good and original turn, and is received with much favour by the house. After it came Mr. Herbert Lloyd, who, in the

capacity of "The King of Diamonds," made the audience laugh a lot; and Miss Kathleen Clifford, who is a talented young lady, but whose turn is considerably too long. If she would cut it down a little, and give us more dancing and less singing, we should be phenomenally grateful to her. Then followed "Stick to Your Guns!" a Patriotic Song Scena, with words by Arthur Wimperis, music by Hermann Finck, and sung by Mr. Leslie Stiles. This is a new patriotic song with a good refrain by Hermann Finck, and it is ably rendered by Mr. Stiles, who looks well in a naval uniform. It went capitally on its opening night, but steps might conceivably be taken to remedy the appearance of some of the ladies who represent Jack Tars.

A Matinée. One afternoon last week I

thought I would pay a visit to the London Opera House, which had just re-opened under the management of Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, and in due course I turned up there. Never anything more disconsolate did I witness. There were barely a hundred people present in the beautiful building, despite the fact that the occasion had been announced as the benefit of Mr. Horace Goldin, the Royal Illusionist. I remember once seeing a house equally empty. It was years ago, and the sight was to be witnessed at Her Majesty's Opera House. But here was a spectacle that reduced one to the limits of disconsolation. There was plenty to see and to hear. Miss Alice Montague was singing, the Balalaika Players were playing, Miss Nellie Ganthony was giving a sketch, Mr. Horace Goldin himself was doing all sorts of mystifying things, and Miss Alice Pierce was giving some of her imitations of her contemporaries on the stage. And yet, for all this, there was practically nobody there to see. A Wednesday matinée during war-time was not a very desirable

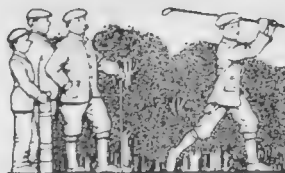
occasion for Mr. Horace Goldin to select for profiting by the receipts, and the afternoon was a peculiarly inauspicious one; but surely the great Hammerstein never erected his great building for so scanty an assemblage. Some day something will be done to fill it, but, unhappily, there seems no chance under present conditions.

ROVER.



TO FIGHT WITH A RIFLE INSTEAD OF WITH FISTS: GEORGES CARPENTIER, THE WHITE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, LEAVES LONDON TO JOIN THE FRENCH COLOURS.

Nobody who has the old-fashioned notion of a prize-fighter would take this to be a picture of the World's Heavy-Weight White Boxing Champion. Nevertheless, the photograph is one of Carpentier leaving a London hotel. He departed for France last week to join the French colours as a volunteer. Before he left he agreed to fight his first match, after the war with Young Ahearn, whom he was to have met this month.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



ON THE LINKS

CAN A MAN GIVE UP GOLF? SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS: THE GOLFER AND A GRAMOPHONE.

The Man Who Gave up Golf.

I heard once of a man who was a golfer and gave up golf, and, remarkable as such a case may appear to those who know the game, the details appear to be tolerably credible. I believe this man did give up the game from which most of us never can separate ourselves while this mortal coil still hangs upon us. He was rather a failure of a man. His life was sad; he wore a gloomy look of discontent at all times. He seemed to be warring with his fate. His words were few and melancholy. The men at his club said he was a cantankerous old curmudgeon, but they did not quite understand, and they did not realise that he was only sad. We used to see him

a number of oddments. Five pounds the lot, or would exchange for good gramophone." This is a sad business: it would be sadder if I thought it was really the end of the advertiser as a golfer; but I know what will happen to him, and I guess some of the things that have already happened. He has been fooming badly, and he cannot play to his handicap. "Five drivers," you will notice, but only one each of the irons. When a man has only a wooden club or two, but many irons, you have cause to believe that he is easy in his long game, and is pushing the short to its proper perfection, and all is well with him. But here it is clear the advertiser has been overwhelmed with difficulties in driving, and he is for the moment deep in despair. For the six putters I can fully excuse him, for the possession of many putters indicates some earnestness as a golfer—and, indeed, these six make me certain that our advertiser will never really give up the game.

A Golfer and a Gramophone.

It is strange that this person should think of exchanging those clubs of his for a gramophone, though, perhaps, not more so than the case of another advertiser in the same paper, who wants to get rid of a fur coat, and announces that he will exchange it for a motor-bicycle or "anything useful." On the whole, I hope that this golfer who comes near to denying the game will get his gramophone, and I hope he will get with it some well-worn tunes. In his present mood he might like "The Rosary," or, perhaps, to a discontented golfer "You Made Me Love You" might have a more appropriate meaning. One warning only to this man: having got his gramophone, he will never be able to exchange it back for a new set of golf-clubs. He should pause if he reflects on



WHERE YOU MUST DRIVE OVER A HOUSE: A CURIOUS SPOT ON TENBY GOLF LINKS.

On the Tenby course it is necessary for the golfer to drive the ball over the top of the house which is shown in our illustration.—[Photograph by Pictorial Press.]

for hours practising alone in a corner of the course where he knew he would be undisturbed. Then one evening, after such a spell, he came into the club-house, took all the things out of his locker, and told the steward he did not think he should play again. It was an extraordinary case. He was not ill, and he appeared to be sane; but in the oppression of his gloominess he had simply come to a decision, calmly and seriously, to give up this game of golf. He should not have done that: he would not if he had known. Tragedy followed fast upon this mad decision. A few months later he failed in his business; then his health gave way; and, alas for the filling of his cup of sadness! trouble arose in his home and it was broken up. Then he died. That is the miserable story of the man who gave up golf; and one reason why it is cited now is because, at this time of holiday golf, men—and women too—are apt to become surfeited with the game, staleness comes upon them, all kinds of golfing ills and miseries torment them, and sometimes, in their despair, they too will madly say they will give up the game for ever and not play it any more.

Disposing of the Clubs.

All of us have heard such people speak like that, but we do not take them very seriously. Another reason why thoughts upon this matter rise in my reflections now is because my attention has been called to some strange advertisements that have appeared in the papers lately. There are apparently some people who would sell their clubs—all of them; and, as from advertisements of other kinds, one is led to speculate upon the possible occurrences—mostly tragic as they must surely have been—which have led to such decisions. One of these announcements ran in the following terms: "Gentleman, giving up golf, wishes to dispose of complete equipment. Five drivers, one brassie, one cleek, one iron, one mashie, one niblick, and six putters; also two dozen balls (various), bag, umbrella, and



WHERE YOU MUST PLAY INTO A STONE QUARRY: A CURIOUS SPOT ON THE SCARBOROUGH COURSE.

On the golf links at Scarborough the ball has to be played into a stone quarry, where the sixth green is situated.—[Photograph by Pictorial Press.]

this. And then there is another advertiser who gives an address, but not a name. She is a lady. She advertises: "A first-class lady's golf set of six sticks (Maxwell), silver-plated parts, for sale, including hooded bag, nearly new, also two pairs of shoes and four balls. Cost £5 10s.; price £2 2s." Frankly, I am puzzled by this case; it embraces so many incongruities. The "silver-plated parts," so entirely ungolflike, are not consistent with the hooded bag; nor is the expression "sticks" agreeable to any golfer who keeps two pairs of shoes in commission. There is something strange, too, about those "four balls" offered for sale: where are all the others? I, for myself, have some two hundred clubs that I might spare and sell, but shall not, for memories cling to all of them, and they shall still abide with me.

HENRY LEACH.



SMALL TALK

THE war has not hindered most people's Scottish journeys, and the emptying of London went on as usual last week. The only difference was that over-cautious housekeepers arrived at

Euston and King's Cross with all sorts of provisions among their personal baggage, and filled the racks with *pâté de foie gras* and jars of marmalade, and even with packages of loaf-sugar proudly secured before the great rise of two-pence per pound! But Scotland, even with a full larder, is not the best place to be in at a time of crisis. One Peer who left for the Highlands last Tuesday, and patted himself on the back for getting out of town at the right moment, was back at his club in Pall Mall on Friday. He finds he prefers the bawling of the paper-boys to the silence of the lochs. "I began to imagine things up there," he says; "I need the tape-machine and at least six editions of an evening paper to keep me steady."



WIFE OF GENERAL SIR CHARLES DOUGLAS: LADY DOUGLAS.

Lady Douglas, wife of General Sir Charles Douglas, who, it will be remembered, was made Chief of the Imperial General Staff when General French resigned over the Ulster business last April, is a daughter of Mr. George Gordon De Courcy, of Cuckney, Notts. They were married in 1887, and live in Eaton Square.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and has the Order of Mercy, has been actively interested in the arrangements for the wounded in the war. She is, of course, a daughter of Prince Christian and Princess Christian, third daughter of Queen Victoria.—[Photograph by Topical.]

In Pall Mall. The curious thing is that so many people can stand the silence of the moors during days of excitement. Among those who left for the North last week were, to mention a few names at random, Lord Douro, Lord Manvers, Lord Templetown, Lord Falconer, Lord Crawford, and Lord Knutsford; and even when a discount is made for those who went to Scotland on the business of recruiting, the list of Northern arrivals remains surprisingly large. The emptiness of the clubs any night last week showed how many people were at any rate trying the experiment of keeping their engagements in Scotland; but if Pall Mall and St. James's Street were for the most part deserted, at the Royal Automobile Club there always seemed to be something doing. It became a mobilisation centre for anybody who wanted to make himself useful in his own car.

The Americans. While the clubs have been strangely empty during the days of stress, the hotels of London have been extraordinarily full. At the Savoy, where an American committee for the relief of tension among travellers established its headquarters, there has been barely standing-room. "We don't count, naturally, just now; and we're not going to bother you," was the expression of a common American attitude towards the

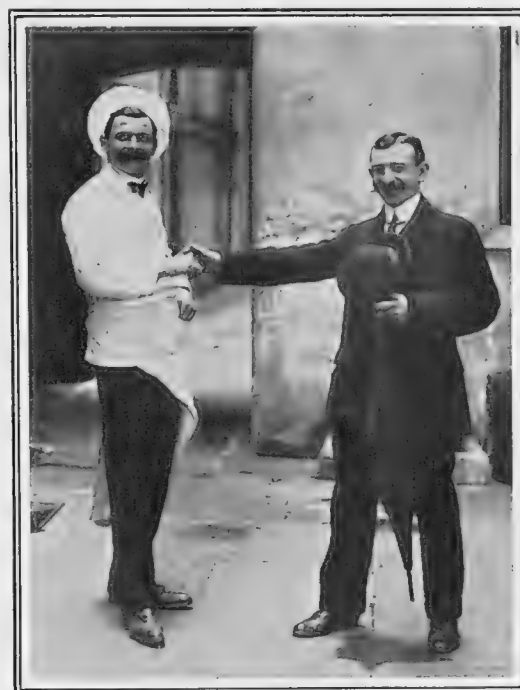
Londoner to whom, in ordinary circumstances, the stranded stranger within our gates would have gone for aid. They helped themselves; they formed their own centres of credit, their own bureaux of information. American business men in London found their fellow-countrymen in cash, and though the closing of banks and the sudden refusal of London hotels and business houses to accept anything but gold from their American customers threw things out of gear for twenty-four hours, our visitors met the difficulty with admirable promptitude. The chartering of the *Viking* was an American enterprise; but as the cheapest berth cost a hundred pounds it hardly eased the situation for the school marm or the family party.

Innocents Abroad. Prince Kinsky left London just before the war with a very good notion of the state of affairs on the Continent; but he had for fellow-passengers many Englishmen who were quite unconscious of the inconvenience that would follow the crossing. The forewarned foreigner must have felt tempted to warn his English friends that the wiser course for them would be to stay at home; but that, possibly, would have been "telling." Lord Murray left London for the Continent two days before the crisis. He, at least, might have been in the secret—in so far as Downing Street knew it.

Lord Lonsdale, Patriot.

There was more than the impulse of a moment behind Lord Lonsdale's speech from the top of a taxi outside Buckingham Palace. He had courted the opportunity of making a patriotic pronouncement, and, like a good sportsman, he went into the thick of the crowd to say what he had to say. He did not put it into the form of a "personal explanation," because none was needed as far as the crowd was concerned, but in his own mind and for his own solace there was a need. The Kaiser and Lord Lonsdale have been close friends: they have heard the chimes together at midnight in England, and at four in this morning during manoeuvres in Germany. It is because of this friendship, and because at this juncture it counts not a snap of the fingers to a true patriot, that Lord Lonsdale got real satisfaction in speaking out last week.

The Pen-Holder. Over the signature of John Jay Chapman, the *Times* publishes a most interesting account of an American's adventures last week in getting from Germany to England. Is this the John Jay Chapman of one-arm fame? It is told of him that when he was at school he struck, in a fit of temper, and injured his best friend. In remorse for what he had done he held his hand over a lamp until it was so seriously burned that it had to be amputated. Whether he has one hand or two, the *Times* correspondent can use his pen to excellent purpose, and the story of his adventures on that memorable journey makes thrilling reading.



FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S KITCHEN TO THE FRONT: M. DOUAY'S FAREWELL.

Our photograph shows M. Douay, one of the chefs at Marlborough House, bidding farewell to the King's chef before departing to rejoin his regiment at Lille. Queen Alexandra presented him with a cigarette-case, and his position is to be kept open for him.—[Photograph by C.N.]



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

"EARLY to bed—" It used to be considered a certain road to wealth, success, prosperity. It isn't now.

I have a friend who has one serious vice. He doesn't smoke overmuch; he respects his cellar, but never gets drunk; his devotion to women is not excessive; he has few opportunities to gamble; he takes no drugs. But he must have an average of nine hours a night in bed. He has, when the evening comes, a craving for sleep. Fight against it as he will, he has to give way. If he has fallen behind in his average he goes to pieces. He has been known to go to sleep at a dinner party. Often I have watched him after dinner keeping his eyes open with his fingers. He has borrowed a pin of me that he might stimulate his drooping faculties. For all useful purposes he is useless after dinner, and, lest you should think that his uselessness is the result of what he has eaten, I hasten to add that he is just as sleepy if he has had no dinner. One of his objections to going away to stop with friends is that they will keep him up. The women of the house don't go to bed till nearly midnight, and then the men seem to think it absolutely necessary to go and talk in the smoking-room. My friend says that if, after a seemly interval, he follows the women to the upper floors of the house, refusing to play billiards or to be drawn into long discussions, he is suspected of some impropriety. Much the same thing happens when people come to stop with him. He gives them a good dinner; he gives them good wine; he talks to them with all the animation he can command until—at ten o'clock his faculties seem all to collapse like the blades of a knife. Then he has to pretend that he has a very bad headache, under cover of which he sneaks off to bed, leaving someone else to put out the lights.

There are, of course, occasions on which he can, and does, stop up into the small hours. But they are all of them occasions of revelry or dissipation or of some extreme stimulation. He'll stop up in a café of Montmartre, stop up until the sun gilds the streets and it

the morning. And in the days when he was a journalist and dealt with important issues he would, when real work was to be done, stop up night after night till his average time in bed in the week was less than a couple of hours.

He loses a lot through this vice of his. I wonder how much he gains. I believe his nerves are rather better than the nerves of most of his friends. I don't think he looks his age. He can eat breakfast in the morning. But he never goes to balls, is shy of the theatre or the opera—how often have I seen him fast asleep, even on a first night, after the curtain has risen on the third act; and if you tell him that you want him to come to dinner to meet So-and-So, who is "such a good talker," you can be quite certain that, scenting beforehand the difficulty of getting away, he will plead a previous engagement. So much of our ordinary social life takes place after ten o'clock at night that he certainly misses much that makes life more interesting, more tolerable. He says he doesn't care. For him there is no joy equal to that of stretching his long body between his cool sheets. To fall asleep—it is the greatest pleasure he knows:

yes, there is one greater—to wake and, thinking it is three or four, to look at the clock and to find that it is not yet midnight, that the rest of the house is still up and about. He is a rabid opponent of the promised agitation for longer restaurant hours. Not that he minds how long restaurants keep open. He is indifferent to the hours other people keep. But he is afraid that if the Carlton suppers continue till half-past one everything else will get later too, and that his own precious hours of oblivion will be involved. "Mr. Asquith was received by the King at Buckingham Palace at 2 a.m.," he read the other day. Then he knew that the situation had become critical. Nothing else had impressed itself so vividly on his imagination as the fact that these two respectable heads of families, men of a certain age, should feel that it was worth while to stop up till well into the small hours. He knows that eminent men do habitually manage with few hours of sleep. He knows that however eminent he may



GOLD; A THING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN WAR TIME—AND OCCASIONALLY DURING PEACE! SOVEREIGNS LEAVING THE MINT FOR THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Photograph by Barratt.



MUNITIONS OF WAR! IN THE SILVER VAULT AT THE MINT.

Photograph by Barratt.



MUNITIONS OF WAR! IN THE GOLD STORE AT THE MINT.

Photograph by Barratt.

is time to go out and drink milk at the Pré Catalan. He'll do that day after day. He explains this departure from his own norm by pointing out that he is generally ahead of his average, and that he has a balance to draw on if he is sufficiently interested in the moving scene to make it worth while, and, also, that the air of Paris is of such a nature that one wants less sleep. I wonder. He can't play bridge or auction for nuts, but I have known him play for miserable little points and with no particular result until it was almost time to dress for breakfast; and when it is a question of real gambling—well, I've seen him in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo at five in

be, however hard-worked, the wife of barrister and surgeon and doctor habitually drags her man out to dinner-parties and receptions. My friend shrugs his shoulders. They die young or they break down. People say it's hard work. He knows better. It's nothing of the sort. It's being kept up late.

He wants some enterprising editor to find out how much sleep hard-working and little-working people of importance have, and how much they want to have. Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, and Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, Monsieur Carpentier and Mr. F. E. Smith.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

How War Came to One Village.

When we set out on the first of August to bathe and picnic on the island opposite our Brittany village, the world, apparently, was still at peace. It was a radiant scene of sapphire sky and cobalt sea, of shining yellow sands, and cliffs spangled with purple flowers, the waters dotted with tiny white-sailed boats, fishermen pushing out of the harbour as usual, and knots of white-coiffed women gossiping in the doorways. At midday, our island sky was overcast with dramatic suddenness, all the blue and gold turned to sinister grey, and we waited hours for the turn of the tide in a drizzling rain, with a curious feeling of catastrophe in the air. Once back on the mainland, we heard that at that moment of darkling, orders for the mobilisation of the entire army and navy of France had been read out in our village street, that every man available must join, and that every horse, wagon, cart, and piece of harness had been commandeered. Jean from his little farm, Pierre from his fishing-boat, the *patron* of our small hotel, the *chef* from his frying-pan—all must go. No man would be left in all the village but the old or the disabled. Patriots of rising seven were promenading the cobbled streets beating toy drums and displaying a Tricolour, but this was the only Chauvinist manifestation to be heard. War is too grim an event in every French household to shout and sing about. When the bread-winner goes to fight, the problem is too grave for words.

Monsieur Henri Starts for the Unknown.

We, too, have our own farewells to make, for one of our seaside party—a young Frenchman well known and very popular in London—must start at once, even without his mobilisation papers (which are reposing near Eaton Square), just as he stands, in exquisite Bond Street clothes, and without a military moustache, for M. Henri, like all modish Frenchmen, clean-shaves like our compatriots. A little dazed with this sudden bolt from the blue is M. Henri, but very quiet, dignified, and “correct.” He has to leave everything he cares about, and to go forth into the absolute vague, without a regiment or a comrade that he knows, to herd with privates in railway-trucks and sleep on wooden floors. The only food he is certain of getting is the one day’s supply which he is bound, by military law, to carry with him. Admirable is the coolness, the calm of M. Henri. He does not forget, in the true Gallic manner, to make an occasional ironic jest or two. He is not too busy—indeed, his preparations must needs be limited—to play a last game of bridge with his friends. We drink good luck to M. Henri in rosy burgundy, accompany him in a motor-car (luckily, not yet taken) to St. Malo, march with him to the railway station, and wish him the best of good luck. The whole affair has taken two days. In forty-eight hours this friend with whom we have danced and supped, accompanied to the Russian Ballet and “Parsifal” during the London season as if these trivialities were the whole of Life, is swept away into the sinister Unknown.

Women Must Weep.

So the first thunder-clap of war comes home to us in friendly France. In the hotel, the young *patronne* is crying bitterly, with her bewildered blonde babies clinging to her apron, for does not her husband start for the army of the North to-night? Pretty Louise, my chambermaid, is all tears, for all her relations to a man have already departed; and Augustine, the waitress, is in a like case. The soldiers went at five o’clock this morning, and at noon we are all assembled in the hotel garden to give the sailors a send-off. Here they come in civilian dress, a straggling group of fifty or so, headed by a sailor carrying the Tricolour of the Republic. All are singing the “Marseillaise”—not quite in tune, it is true, for much cider has

been consumed in healths and farewells, and they are somewhat noisily friendly. Some of us run out with packets of cigarettes, and cries of “Bonne chance!” and “Au revoir!” Friendly, grimy hands are outstretched from among the straggling group of sailors. They all want to wring our hands, they all shout a genial farewell. The Entente is a real thing in our village—and, indeed, we have known many of these fishermen for years. The little procession halts hard by the village Calvary yonder to get another recruit, but soon the sounds of the “Marseillaise” grow fainter, and the group and its Tricolour are swallowed up by distance as they march along the white road. We are left man-less in the hotel, except the English visitors, and for them the one problem to be faced is how to get away over the mined and patrolled Channel.

Back to a Hundred Years Ago.

The conditions we find ourselves in resemble, in an amazing manner, those of 1814. The telegraph and telephone systems do not work, the post office refuses our money unless we pay in small silver, the English sovereign is reduced in value by two francs fifty, and a Bank of England note is mere paper. For three days no newspaper has arrived from Paris, nor any letters, and for the last twenty-four hours no journal of any sort, not even the *Ouest-Eclair*, has reached the village by the sea. We stand about in the grey, cobbled street and listen, as our ancestors did in the year

of Waterloo, to Rumour. The gendarme has it that the British fleet has already sunk five—or is it twenty-five?—German battle-ships in the North Sea. The *boulangère* has heard that 20,000 English troops have landed at Dunkerque; but this changes later into a statement that 20,000 English tourists slept on the sands at Boulogne, waiting vainly for a steamer to take them home. We know no more of what is going on in this day of mechanical invention than did our like a hundred years ago. Mars has taken possession of the world and its appliances; and Rumour, with her hundred tongues, is busy helping the mystification. Yet there is one thing clear, and that is we must get back to our own country, even should we have to walk twelve miles to the nearest port, dragging our luggage on a truck. The Mayor provides us with passports, and now the race is to those who are provided with imagination and a nice sense of the gruesome situation.



MODES FOR THE MORNING DIP.

Of these two smart little bathing-suits, the left-hand one is made of black taffeta and braid and has a black foulard cap spotted with purple; the right-hand suit is carried out in blue serge, and has a wide belt effect of blue-and-white striped silk. The tunic bodice is made all in one over an under-skirt of heavily pleated tulle.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WASTED HORSE-POWER: THE CHEAP CAR: TWO GO-AHEAD CONCERNS.

Can Carburettors Be Improved?

From an artillery officer on the north-west frontier of India I have received a letter in which he expresses, in passing, the pleasure with which he reads "The Wheel and the Wing," and particularly with respect to the independence of tone of these motoring notes. The main object of his letter, however, he defines as follows: "I want to ask if, in these days of dear petrol and rising prices, it would not be possible to invent a better carburettor than those in general use. My meaning is that I believe a mere fraction of the potential horsepower of any given amount of petrol is expended in driving the car, the rest going to waste. Would it not be good business to pay more attention to reducing the running expenses by a better carburettor, less weight, etc.? There are, I should think, many people like myself to whom a modern light car does not appeal. They want a four-seater car, moderate in price, which can do well over thirty miles to the gallon of petrol; and at present, as far as I can discover, the Ford is the only one they can fall back upon; and yet one would like something a bit better, still moderate in price, that can do as well as the Ford, and one would prefer a British-built car. Is such a car procurable?"

The Greater Need. The answer, for many reasons, must be in the negative. As a matter of fact, there is no detail to which so much attention has been devoted by automobile engineers as the carburettor, and, so far as England is concerned, there is no more economical car than the British. Economy of petrol-consumption with a given chassis-weight and a given bore of engine is very far from being a strong feature of the American car—indeed, in that respect it is the least efficient vehicle on the market. But, in spite of the price of petrol, the carburettor is not the item of a car's components which makes motoring costly—it is the prime cost of the car itself; and the difference which might be effected in the upkeep by any further improvements in the carburettor would be comparatively unimportant by the side of the fact that there is necessarily a radical difference in the cost of production between the Ford and a British or Continental model. The output of the Ford Company for 1914 is 300,000 cars; no other maker in the world can come anywhere near these figures, and prices are increased accordingly. British manufacturers, moreover, apart from the question of standardisation, believe in producing something

more comfortable and more robust. The only thing they could do would be to build a similar type of car to the Ford, at a much lower price than that of their present products, and trust to patriotism for its sale, for it would still be dearer than the American article.

Simultaneously, however, the petrol consumption would probably go up, for the engine would be of the "sloppy" order instead of the highly efficient type which is now associated with the average English car.

The Growth of the "C.A.V."

Perhaps the most remarkable development in the British motoring industry and its allied manufactures has been the growth of the C. A. Vandervell concern at Acton. It is only a short time since new extensions were opened, but already the firm has found it necessary to acquire four acres of additional land, on which yet another factory is to be erected. With some 2500 hands employed, the works will be among the largest in this country. None the less, the result is not

surprising, for the C.A.V. electric-lighting installation, with or without a self-starter at option, has "caught on" as nothing else has, partly by reason of its inherent excellence and partly from the fact that the Vandervell firm was the first to supply a satisfactory outfit all ready for use. One good feature, moreover, about the C.A.V. equipment is that it is not stereotyped in one expensive form, but can be had in a wonderful array of types and sizes.

The Pride of Turin.

Everyone who knows anything about the Italian motor industry also knows that the F.I.A.T. car is made at Turin, and that nothing which has emanated from that city in recent years has done more to spread its fame. "F.I.A.T." and high-class workmanship are synonymous terms, but they are by no means associated nowadays with cars of high power and high price. The 12-15-h.p. model is a replica in constructive methods of the larger types, and is in every respect a car which anyone might be proud to possess. Nor does its selling price of £375 involve any sacrifice of comfort or the subsequent investment in innumerable accessories, for the standard equipment includes a four-speed gear-box, elegant and beautifully finished torpedo body, hood, screen, full installation of lamps, horn, non-skid Michelin tyres, detachable rim with tyre, pump, jack, and repair outfit. The car is therefore ready for the road at the quoted price; and as a light, four-cylinder vehicle it is as workmanlike a product of its type as the heart of the motorist could wish.



ARMOURED, BUT ONLY FOR DEFENCE: EXTERIOR OF AN ARMOURED RED CROSS TRAIN.

Our illustration shows the armoured exterior of one of the Red Cross hospital trains for the wounded. In addition to the Government arrangements on the railway and elsewhere, many well-known people and corporations have placed temporary hospitals and facilities of all kinds at the disposal of the authorities.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



FOR THOSE WOUNDED IN THE WAR: AN ARMOURED RED CROSS TRAIN.

The railways in Great Britain are being controlled by the War Office, and hospital trains have been fitted up on every line. Our illustration shows the interior of one of the armoured Red Cross trains.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 3.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Our Middy Prince, Prince Albert; Wife of the Departed German Ambassador, Princess Lichnowsky; Our Enemies as They Paint Themselves; Lady "J. J.," the Wife of the British Naval War-Chief.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PLANTATION RUBBER AND MOTOR TYRES

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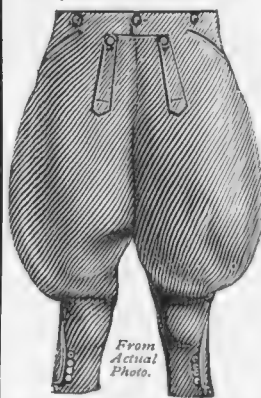
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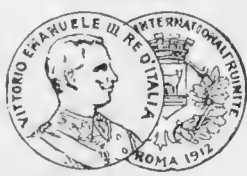
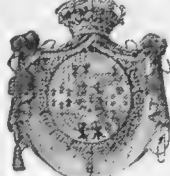
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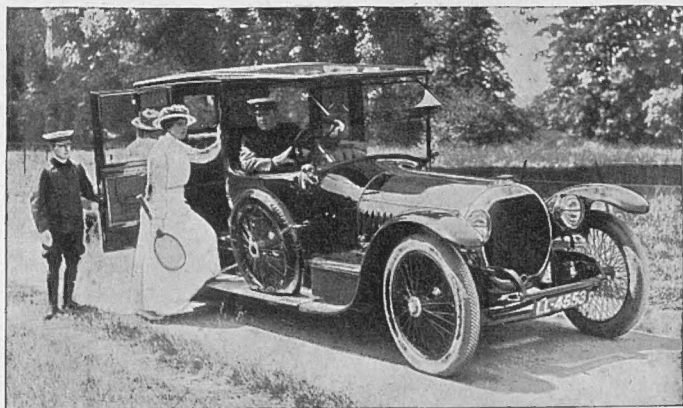
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Andrew and His Wife."

By THOMAS COBB.
(Mills and Boon.)

First she would and then she wouldn't, then she thought she really couldn't. That is the rather tedious series of attitudes assumed by Andrew's wife, who, when bored by Andrew, whose stupidity had got on her nerves, dallied with the sympathetic, understanding villain. Neither the matrimonial difficulties of this young couple, nor the restrained, accommodating lovers who fill up the gaps between, make exhilarating stuff; but Mr. Cobb has done one thing excellently in the person of Andrew. Andrew is stupid all through, in his kindness or his brutality, stupid in his affection and his resentment; and it takes a really clever person to find the essence of stupidity like that. Andrew in his home, fussing an invalid guest, pitying and petting an undesirable neighbour, jarring his wife with his density, and oblivious to the most obvious things of his surroundings, may be studied at first hand by many of us; it is less frequent to find him so nicely estimated in fiction. When he appeals to his wife to exercise her imagination—"the most valuable faculty we possess," he tells her—or takes his handsome face to a mirror looking for the smut or the crooked necktie which must have provoked, he thinks, the laugh that had so puzzled him from an intelligent lady friend, Andrew realises himself with amusing completion. It is as delightful to read about as it has often been painful to encounter, but the kissing again with tears of such a pair would barely continue beyond the last page of a novel, even reckoning on the Dicky boy in the background; stupidity can be so much less tolerable than vice.

"The House Round the Corner."

By LOUIS TRACY.
(Ward, Lock).

That phrase "artificial sprites," which occurs in the tag of Shakespearean verse on Mr. Louis Tracy's title-page, lingers beyond the title-page to the story's close. They are all artificial—the timid professor running away from his brother hanging by the clock, and allowing the world to believe the body his; his daughter, returning in secret to the now haunted house in search of bric-à-brac which she fancied her father missed; the young man, familiar in such novels, who drops along in search of fishing and seclusion, but really created to love the heroine and unravel the mystery surrounding her; the house even, with its fine furnishing, untouched and deserted and unlettable (till the hero's arrival with fishing-rods)—they are one and all the vessels, charms and spells, the traffic in riddles which shall work towards a romantic and a happy end for lover and beloved.

The one thing lacking is magic, the magic which enables us to swallow anything and like it—Hecate and the witches among the thunder, or wild coincidence and incomprehensible people. It is certainly an idea to give the Anglo-Indian villain who makes strong running for the heroine's affection a slightly sibilant accent, thus enabling the satisfactory lover to place him as a "blonde Eurasian." We are all beginning to shy at the term "Anglo-Indian" as having a sinister interpretation; many people wandering about like Percy Whittaker would make the word so intolerable that the Eurasian will presently resent it as much as any. A pleasant air of English country life and folk runs through the story. All the folk—with the exception, perhaps, of the "blonde Eurasian"—are as decent and respectable and ordinary as any village Mrs. Grundy could wish. That is only, unfortunately, the more reason for incredulity of Mr. Tracy's facts, which assume the concerted action of people who should never have been trusted with independent action of any sort. And yet all might have been accepted with a pinch of that magic which went to the verse on the title-page.

"Crab-Apples."

By OLGA DARDAY.
(Max Goschen.)

Hungarian society sketches, these "crab-apples" purport to be written in dialogue form, with descriptions of the *causeurs* given to the reader in the catalogue fashion of appraisement which Bernard Shaw has made familiar in his plays. So much for the manner, which is undoubtedly an attractive one, and may achieve great results in the hands of a Schnitzler. But Mlle. Darday is no Schnitzler; her sense of drama and life is neither dramatic nor vital, and—to save more negatives, Mlle. Darday's stuff is too poor, her use of it too feeble for this or any other form of literary art. A collection of witty drawings might have helped the thing through, but the book is "decorated"—ominous word—by a gentleman who has been having some bad dreams of Aubrey Beardsley. Printed for English readers, the book has one charm—that of foreign names. Carefully hiding the "decoration," what romance lies in the possible remarks of Mme. Zobory and Csakvary! What revelations between Leonie and Cavallar! And then the subtleties possible from Lona Merészy and Count Leó Hongaszy! But further investigation is unwise.

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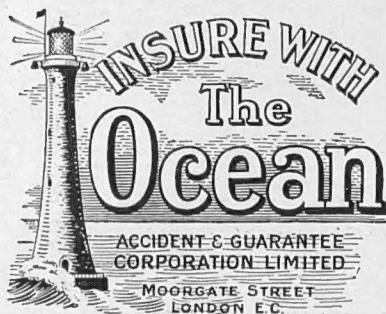
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE last effort of the old season was the appearance at the Prince's Theatre of a simple and unassuming melodrama, called "Queen at Seventeen," by Mr. J. A. Campbell; and, by a happy or unhappy chance, it was the old story of war between Balkan States. Danubia was the one, and Carpathia was the other; and the great scene was the visit of a young Queen to the wounded and dying on the field of battle. It was the usual mixture of sham sentiment and comic relief, and ended with the defeat of a scowling Prince and the marriage of the Queen to the son of her Commander-in-Chief. A long cast worked hard: Mr. Frank Stone as a wicked Prime Minister, Miss Jean Cavendish as the Queen, Mr. F. A. Ellis as the old Commander, and Mr. Henry Hewitt as the young hero may be singled out for special mention.

Mr. Cyril Harcourt's light and amusing little farcical comedy, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which had its successful run only a short time ago, was revived at the Criterion for August. The only notable change in the cast was that Miss Hamley Clifford took Miss Lottie Venne's part with credit; and for the rest, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Miss Enid Bell, and Mr. Sam Sothern were all at their old places.

That always remarkable and artistic publication, *La Gazette du Bon Ton* (Heinemann), excels itself this month both in the bizarre and in the beautiful. Never were the fashions more daring or more original than they appear in this magazine. The mere list of "artists in dress" whose creations are exhibited suggests a roll-call of some great Order of Costumiers. To originality of idea is almost invariably added grace, charm, or an audacity for which one or other *Bon Ton* artist is responsible. But there is, as usual, much, in addition to fashion, to fascinate purchasers of this magazine. André-E. Marty cleverly illustrates an article by Henry

Bidou on "Le Diner de la *Gazette du Bon Ton*," held in the garden of an old hotel, the *couturiers* entertaining the artists and writers of *Bon Ton* in celebration of "eighteen happy months." In one or two of the fashion illustrations preciosity is sometimes permitted to lapse into something approaching eccentricity, but most of the drawings are full of charm. Marty contributes a dainty sketch of a *robe de parc*, under the title, "Mon Cœur Soupire"; "Les Plaisirs de l'Été," by Edmond Jaloux, are piquantly illustrated by Pierre Brissaud, and Valentine Gross deals cleverly with Karsavina in "Le Coq d'Or," illustrating an article by Jean-Louis Vandoyer. "Les Ballets Russe," and "La Légende de Joseph" are subjects of an article by Lise-Léon Blum, strikingly illustrated by André-E. Marty; M. Ch. Martin contributes a page drawing of "La Légende de Joseph," and there are some quaintly sweet sketches of children, and "La Tendre Nourrice," by Borelli-Vranska. The magazine is again a triumph of art and unconventionality.

At the twenty-sixth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Ltd., the Chairman, Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P., announced that the business had improved since last year, and in consequence the directors felt justified in recommending an increase in the dividend to 10 per cent. for the half-year to June 30, which, with the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year. He said: "The profit on our trading account for the year just ended amounts to £209,368 2s. 6d., against £197,952 3s. 8d. last year, an increase of £11,415 18s. 10d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £50,599 7s. 2d., against £43,744 8s. 4d. last year (an increase of £6854 18s. 10d.), added £1000 to the workmen's compensation fund, and carried forward the sum of £39,691 16s. 10d. to next year." The retiring directors, Mr. William Griffin and Captain Threlfall, were re-elected, and Messrs. Broods, Paterson and Co. were re-appointed auditors.

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